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The Wasteland



dystopian

fallout

36 2 5

Chapter 1 by VentedEagle

It's been eighteen years since the bombs dropped. Most of the radiation has subsided. There are several mutated creatures roaming the wasteland. The entire state of Arizona has been reduced to nothing but dust and decay, and I am alone. Before the war I was in the hospital. Just a kid being treated for a high fever. When the first reports of nuclear detonation were confirmed, the entire facility was evacuated to Vault twenty-seven, one of the hundred or so vaults designed to protect citizens in case of catastrophe. It wasn't till there were but five of us until we realized the vault's true purpose. The vault had been intentionally over crowded as a social experiment. Food supplies ran low. Disease spread like wildfire. People went insane and either killed themselves or the other vault inhabitants over food.

When the others found out they decided to stay in the vault. We had a scavenging rotation and the preposterous assumption that it was safer in there than in the wasteland. I agreed with them. Safety in numbers I thought. When I came back from my run, I saw something I wish I had never seen. The Vault had been raided and my friends killed. I left. Taking whatever food I could carry, a survival knife, and a picture of my long lost family.

It's been several days since my last journal entry, and they have they been quite eventful. While

roaming the other day I had come across a small town, deserted and destroyed. I figured I might as well look around for something. I walked around for a while, but found nothing worthwhile. It wasn't until I had begun to leave when I realized that I had missed something. I saw a house on a hill. From the moment I entered the room, I knew I had found what I needed. There is no entertainment when I'm resting at my camp, so just one book would be extremely uplifting. I

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start tearing legible books from the shelf and literally throwing them into my backpack. As I stopped to take a breath from my frantic pillaging I heard a low groaning noise. Behind the shelf was a locked metal door. Just thinking about the cliché scenario I chuckle. When I try to open the door it doesn't budge. I think to myself that there has to be another way in, or at least to open the door. After searching around to no avail, I notice something glowing out of the corner of my eye. A terminal sitting on the desk to my right has suddenly lit up. I haven't used one since before the war but I still have my knowledge of breaking basic decryption codexes. I bypass the algorithm by recognizing the patterns in the shifting code. Once I access the core files I notice something strange. There are some audio files loaded up dated after the war, as if someone has been out here uploading them in the radiation all this time. I swiftly load the audio files onto a holotape, access the main door functions, and open the hatch. I descended down a long staircase. After seeing a flickering light up ahead I hurried down the hall only to find a second door, with a mysterious tapping and foul odour coming from the other side. I braced myself to enter and pulled the handle. The door opened. My eyes began to water, the stench of decay overwhelming. A figure stood not but ten feet away from me, slightly glowing and wearing tattered rags for clothes. I called out to the mysterious person and took a step closer. "Are you ok?" I whispered. The figure grew rigid and emitted a low growl in reply. Another step closer. "Do you need help?" Another step. The figure whom I was now close enough to decide was a man twitched and began to turn. What I saw then made me recoil in disgust and fear. The man was in decay, oozing a strange glowing liquid as if it were blood from a wound. The look on the man's face could only be described as feral. He stared at me with a look of insatiable bloodlust. Limping toward me slowly picking up speed, he growled and spat in pure rage. Insanity plainly scrawled on his face. I struggled and tripped on my own feet trying to back away. The man advanced gnashing and baring his teeth. I had just reached the door when searing pain shot throughout my leg. I ball up my fist and lash out at what had scratched my leg. A whimper of pain cried out from the darkness, and his grasp loosened. I bolted for the door but the man had gotten there first, sprinting on all fours like a wild animal. With the door blocked and nowhere else to go, I had to sprint back to the table where the man had first been standing. I was frantically searching for anything that could be used as a weapon against this monster. He

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apocalypse is sitting in this bunker all only for the price of mental scarring. I take as much food and ammunition as I can carry, dumping all but two books. I set out for what I don't know, but with food, a ten millimeter on my leg, and a hunting rifle on my back I feel ready for whatever the wasteland has to throw at me.

Since I left the vault, things have been a bit lonely. Just trapped alone with my thoughts I've taken to creating audio recordings of myself. Although, if someone did find me wandering around the wasteland, seemingly talking to myself I would walk as far away from me as possible. Ever since I was attacked by that monstrous excuse for a human, I have been feeling a little sick, and I'm worried that the cut may have become infected. Hopefully not though. I'm really close to what I assume is, or rather was Phoenix.

I'm camping on a hill overlooking the city, and boy is it beautiful. The skyline brilliantly lit up in contrast to the radiation scorched sky. Even from here the city makes me feel insecure about what may be lurking in it when I enter. I get this strange feeling that I might not be alone, even as I write this, I feel like I am being observed from afar.

It's morning. Overnight there was a lot of activity as far as I could tell hidden behind the camouflage of my ramshackle shelter. If it should happen again, I will confront the assailant. My only hope is that it is not one of those psychos I had met before. It will probably be awhile before my next journal entry, depending on how fast I reach the city, or the next eventful situation.

I know I had said it would be a while, and although only a few hours have passed, something has happened. Something that will change my life out here. I made a new friend. I don't know what to call her, however she will drastically change everything. I should probably explain how I had found her. I had begun to become sick of the shouting and gunfire, and I went to investigate.

Grabbing the rifle and a couple extra rounds, I set off in the direction of the fighting. I was close, just behind a low ridge when I peeked over and saw a group of men surrounding what looked to be a lone soldier behind a low concrete wall. The men brandishing crude weapons such as axes and daggers. The soldier's back was against the wall and she was clearly out of ammo. Being the good post apocalyptic samaritan I am, as well as being extremely foolish, I decided to help. I brace myself against the barrier, holding the rifle steady. Taking aim at the raider closest to her I

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other thugs looks around in panic while attempting to save his comrade. I can almost see the hair on the back of his neck stand up as he realizes what was about to happen next. Bang. The man hits the ground and screams wildly. Grasping at his wounded shoulder.

The other men begin to rush up the hill. Bang. One of them falls clutching his knee, but he is instantly replaced by one of his friends. Three left, and two of them are on the verge of lining up, I shoot before they even meet. The round fires barreling through the both of them, dead center in the chest. The last one is halted in his advance. He turns and begins to flee. Bang. He falls face first in the dirt although I could have sworn that I missed. I move to the destroyed building down the hill, where the soldier had resided before. Upon my arrival she jumps to her feet and salutes me. "The Brotherhood of Steel thanks you for your assistance." I grin. "There is no need to thank me at all, I saw that you needed help and I helped." She eased up and smiled. "All the same I think I owe you, but the best I could do is point you in the direction of the nearest settlement." That one sentence raised my spirits one hundred percent. "That would be the best thing I could imagine right now." From out of nowhere all color drains from her face. the woman lets out a strangled gasp and falls to her knees. I knew who had thrown the dagger before I saw him. The one raider whom I had missed. I might as well have been in an old western movie. I unstrapped my pistol and took two shots. There was no need to aim nor in my enraged state would I have thought of it. The woman's breathing was labored and she had already removed the knife. "Don't go through Phoenix, It's infested." She winces in pain. "Head north. there is an old military encampment, remember the phrase Ad Victoriam." Those were her last words.

A small flicker of movement next to her arm snaps me out of my shock. I aim down the sights of my gun ready to fire. I pause. Nestling up under her arm is a tiny wolf pup. The runt of the litter by the looks of it. The pup tugged on her sleeve trying desperately to get her up. I reach down to comfort the pup. She lets out a tiny bark and trips over her own paws. Reaching into my pack I pull out some jerky I found and hand the pup a small piece. She takes it greedily as if she hasn't eaten in forever and licks my hand. The pup prances to my side eagerly, and from that moment on I knew I made a friend. On the way back to the camp I check the corpse of a raider for any useful supplies, I place the snacks I found in my satchel. Then I realize something. Following my instincts, I tear the metal plated armour from the raider. Sliding the chestplate over my head I

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too young to walk such a distance on her own. On the trip so far, there have been many occurrences that i've had to fight my way out of. Ranging from giant mosquitos to feral dogs. If I don't reach the settlement soon I won't have anything left to defend myself with that's better than a stick. Out of ammo and fighting with a stick, what a way to go right? I feel like i'm getting close, after all if there is a military presence and they sent someone to patrol, the base wouldn't be too far away. A sudden wave of panic washes over me. Was I going the right way? Had the woman lied to me? After all what sort of military base would be out here in this wasteland and still functioning. What's more is that she told me to remember a phrase in latin as if it was some sort of cult. Spiraling I continued to walk north, desperately clinging onto the small thread of hope that I had for this base. Setting down the puppy, I sit to gather my thoughts. Why would she have lied to me, after all I did save her life. Either something doesn't make sense or i'm becoming paranoid from all this time alone. I hear a small bark from over a hill. It didn't sound panicked so I leisurely got up and stretched. As I waltzed over to where the sound had come from the pup came bounding over the hill and playfully leaps at me tackling me to the ground. Panting, she barks again and bites my arm, as if telling me to get up and check out what she had found. I pick her up from under her front legs and carry her over the hill. Relief washes over me as I peer beyond the tree line. A fenced enclosure with watch tower peers over the surrounding area. Searchlights swiveling, showering the darkened landscape with light. Tonight I will camp on the hill and will approach the gates at dawn as to avoid suspicion.

The sun is just on the horizon, and this might be my last entry. As soon as day breaks i'm going to approach the gates and try the password. While i'm writing this, i'm trying to think of some clever last words just in case. Though, the only thing that comes to mind is Ad Victoriam. It's been a week since my last update, so recap. I approach the gate and pound on the metal. A voice booms over the loudspeakers.

"State your business or leave, non-compliance will be met with aggression." The speaker abruptly cuts off. Staring up at the wall now lined with guards, I raise my hands above my head and clear my voice.

"My name is Corvo and I am a former vault dweller. On my travels I came across a lone soldier in need of aid. After helping fend off the attackers, she had been fatally struck with a dagger by a

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Chapter 2 by Darrell Ramsey



As I enter, I stared in awe at what was in front of me. It was a large building with the words CAMBRIDGE POLICE STATION over the main doors. A man wearing a leather jacket walks up to me and says, " Welcome to Cambridge. It appears that you've walked very far. What is your pups name". Hazel, I say. After he points me in the directon of the cafe, he says " Ad Victoriam". Why is everyone being so nice to me? I finally go to the cafe and order a carrot for me and a potato for Hazel. A small child comes up to me and says "Hi sir, are you new around here. My dad says outsiders smell, but you don't smell at all". I say " Thank you, do you know where I can see someone about where to stay at overnight". Yes, go down wing B and go to the registration office. Say Knight Astlin sent you.

Chapter 3 by Crazy



Ok I will be there and I will mention you the next day they gave me armor I took it and a laser rifle and sad I should become a soldier so I did now I will meet the captain.I will join squad 478 and we will see sector 83 we find something called a deathclaw and radroaches. They told me they are radiated things or animals.

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